

Here begynneth a dialogue betwene
the comen Secretary and Jelowsy tou
chynge the vNSTABLENES of harlottes.



Secretary.



Jelowsy.



¶ **E**felowly.



hat a wold is this / I trow it be a curst
fayne wold I marye / yf y I durst
But I trow lyth y tyme y god was born
So many honest me never held of phoen

¶ **S**ecretary.

¶ **W**hat is the mater / be ye in ony doubt
¶ Pacyfye your mode / let ic come oute
¶ Dylcharge your stomake / abyde it forth
¶ Soowors in store be nochynge worth

¶ **E**felowly.

¶ **T**ruthit is / I trust ye wyl not be grieved
¶ To a small questyon be to you moued
¶ In a mater / to me doubtfull and defuse
¶ Whiche I suppose ye haue had in experiance & vse

¶ **S**ecretary.

¶ **T**hat gauenture / but I wyl not pmyle you psyley
¶ To asseyle your questyon be y wylly
¶ Howe be it that ye say / I am of experiance
¶ Saye wyl be close / ye shall here my sentence

¶ **Ye lowly.**

¶ **The n-thus** / She that hath a rolyng ey
And doth conuey it well and wyllyng
And thereto hath a wauetyng thought
Crowe yethis tull wyl not be bought.

¶ **Secretary.**

¶ **Y**es / but take heede by the pypce ye haue noo losse
A made matchaunt þ wyllyngue .v. inke for a goose.
Beware a rolyng ey wauetyng thought inke þ
And for suché nusse passe not / a dandy prat

¶ **Ye lowly.**

¶ **S**he that is very wanton and nyse
Thynkyng her self maruaylous wyle
And wyl come to hym that doth her call
Wyl she not wortail for a fall.

¶ **Secretary.**

¶ **Y**es surely for a fall flat as a cake
And carest not howe many falles she doth take
There is noo fall can make her lame
For she wyl be swyng of the best game.

¶ **Yelowsy.**

¶ **S**he that doth make it all straunge and quaynt
And lokyng as she wete a very saynte
Hit a man in the darke doo hym assay
Hath she any power to holde o wte nay / nay

¶ **Secretary.**

¶ **H**olde oute / yes / o; it is pytt ye she was borne
A horse a whole batowe and a Ramyns horne
Hit the other thyng come ye wott what I mene
To; all her holly lookes she wyll conuey it clene

¶ **Yelowsy.**

¶ **S**he that doth loue meche dallyng
With dyuerse men for fayre spekynge
And thynkys not on her owne shame
Wyll not this wylde soule be made tame

¶ **Secretary.**

¶ **Y**es with good handlyng as Jayme
Euen by and by ye shall her reclayne
And make her tame as euer was Tuctyll
To suffre kylyng and tyklyng vnder the kyttell

¶ Jelowsy.

¶ She that is sumwhat lyght of credence
And to make her fre she / large of expence
Howe say you and her mony doo sayle
Wyll she not lay too pledge her sayle

¶ Secretary.

¶ Yes and yf she be of that appetyte
She wyll pledge and sell oute ryght
Hede pece / sayle pece / and all .iii. quarters
To one oþ other / rather then sayle to carters

¶ Jelowsy.

¶ She that louys to sytte and muse
And craftly can her selfe excuse
When she is taken with a faulte
Wyll she not be wonne with a small faulte

¶ Secretary.

¶ What nedys a faulte / I dare say she wyll consent
That ye shall enter by a reasonable payntment
And ther take hede for i kepyng of this warde & hold
Is more daunger the in gettyng a thousande folde

¶ **Jelowsy.**

¶ **S**he that is of mynde sum what rechelies
Gyving her selfe all to ydelnes
And louys to lye large in her bed
Who wayteth his tyme shall he not be sped.

¶ **Secretary.**

¶ **T**yme nay nay wayte / yf she be in good mode
For out of chyche all tymes be goode
But passe not theron / though she say nay
For so she wyll whan she hath best lust to play.

¶ **Jelowsy.**

¶ **S**he that can no coulsonyll kepe
And lyghtly wyll sobbe and wepe
Laughe agayne and wote not why
Wyll she not be sone cysed to fely

¶ **Secretary.**

¶ **T**he teares be tok en a gracyous corage
And laughtrye doth all malycie as wage
Whan she is in that tak yngemarke well marke
Let clipp / spake not for one coulson in her parke

¶ **Belowsy.**

¶ **S**he that is fayre and lusty yonge
And can comyn in tecnes with fyled tonge
And wyl byde whysperynge in the eare
Thynke ye her tayle is not lyght of the seare

¶ **Secretary.**

¶ **W**hy all these symblytudes me thynkes surely
Her owne tayle she shulde occupy
Somtyme for neve her honeste sauad
She wyl wallshe often or she be ones shaued

¶ **Belowsy.**

¶ **S**he þ payneth her in starynge appatell
wile hote wynes and dayly to fare well
And loues to slepe at after none tyde
Wholylt stryke to we ye she wyl not stypde

¶ **Secretary.**

¶ **I** can not say þf she wyl stryke
But þf reason be offered noþyng þ shall fall besyde
þf of a trouth as frost engendreth hyste
Cale and ranke fedyng doth cause a lycozous tayle

¶ **Finis**



